THE
Dan Smoot Report

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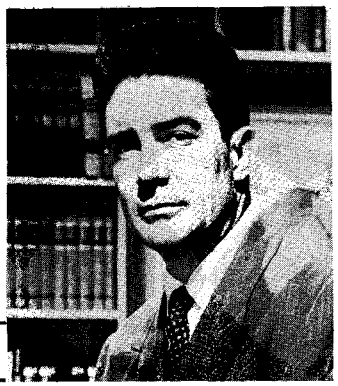

DAN SMOOT

GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

"Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.

"Build me a son whose wishes will not take the place of deeds; a son who will know Thee — and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

"Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail.

"Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high; a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men; one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

"And after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor, so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, and the meekness of true strength.

"Then, I, his father, will dare to whisper, 'I have not lived in vain.'"(1)

Douglas MacArthur, Philippine Islands, 1942

On April 5, 1964, the greatest man of the twentieth century went to his rendezvous with God: General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. The Old Soldier had fought the good fight. His course was run. It was time for him to go. Yet, his death is a heavy loss to America — to the world. MacArthur symbolized honor, integrity, faith in God, love of country, devotion to duty. He was a discriminating man. He stood apart from the common herd, not because he was contemptuous of any human being, but because something in him kept him aloof from the pettiness and greed of the faceless crowd.

A generation whose political and intellectual leaders teach idolatry of the Average Man; who scorn the opinions of any man standing against collective conformity, but accept as wisdom the majority viewpoint of tabulated opinions from "men on the street"; who, in their clamor for *equality,* do not mean impartial justice, but enforced leveling of all men to dull mediocrity: in short, a generation whose leaders have rejected individualism for collectivism, desperately needs a Douglas MacArthur.

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Was he the last of the breed? *There* is the question which troubles those who could comprehend his greatness. If other hands do not take up and hold high the flaming torch that MacArthur bore, then his death is an irreparable loss to civilization.

In War

Douglas MacArthur was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, on January 26, 1880. For incomparable service to his country as a soldier in three wars, he was awarded every medal for bravery under fire that the nation can bestow — Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross (3 times), Silver Star (7 times), Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star, and the Purple Heart (2 times). His non-combat awards were even more extensive, not only from his own country, but from more than thirty others around the world.[1, 2]

In February, 1937, General MacArthur warned President Roosevelt that Japan was a growing, aggressive military threat in the Pacific, and that the Soviets were involved in Japanese machinations. Roosevelt ignored the warning, but the soldier was right. Operations of Soviet agents (the Sorge spy ring in Japan, as well as spy rings inside the governments of the United States and of other Western powers) shaped events and influenced policies to the end of deflecting Japanese aggression away from Soviet territories, toward American, British, and Dutch possessions.[1, 3] A result was our Pacific war with Japan.

MacArthur retired from the Army on December 31, 1937, but was recalled to active duty in July, 1941.[2] He was in the Philippines when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and the Philippine Islands, December 7, 1941. Three days later — at a time when general confusion and anxiety were at the pitch of hysteria; when America's Pacific fleet was knocked out and the vast Pacific seemed a Japanese lake — MacArthur clearly saw and calmly stated that Japan was recklessly over-extended. In scattering her forces southward against the British and Americans, gambling on surprise to bring sudden conquest, Japan had left herself defenseless against attack from Soviet bases in the north. In a message to Army Chief of Staff George C. Marshall, on December 10, 1941, MacArthur said:

"The mass of enemy air and naval strength committed in the theater from Singapore to the Philippines and eastward established his weakness in Japan proper and definite information available here shows that entry of Russia . . . [is Japan's] greatest fear. Most favorable opportunity now exists and immediate attack on Japan from the north would not only inflict heavy punishment but would at once relieve pressure from objectives of Jap drive to southward. Information being secured establishes that heavy air attack on Jap objectives would not only pull in much of the present widely dispersed air strength but would destroy much of their exposed oil supply. Golden opportunity exists for a master stroke while the enemy is engaged in overextended initial air efforts."[4]

The Soviets were dependent on our help in Europe and could not have denied us permission to use their Siberian bases for strikes at Japan, as MacArthur suggested; but again the great General's advice was ignored in Washington. There is no indication that the Roosevelt administration even asked to use Soviet air bases in Siberia.

MacArthur's master stroke would have saved thousands of American lives lost in the savage island-hopping war of the Pacific; but the golden opportunity, which he saw and reported three days after Pearl Harbor, was not seized. Though Japan struck us, we retaliated against Germany. We limited our forces and supplies in the Far East, in order to give maximum help to England and the Soviet Union in Europe, permitting our Soviet ally to maintain a treaty of peace and friendship with Japan throughout the war.

In comparison with the manpower and material we poured into the European theater, MacArthur was on short rations in the Pacific; yet it was in the Pacific, thanks to MacArthur's genius, where the most brilliant maneuvers were conceived and executed. Never enjoying full support from Washington, often making momentous decisions unanimously opposed by his own loyal staff, MacArthur waged a war in the Pacific which will be a classic example of military excellence until the last syllable of recorded time.

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After his message of December 10, 1941, urging that the Soviets (or, at least, the use of their Siberian air bases) be brought into the war against Japan, MacArthur dropped the subject. By the end of summer, 1944, he realized that Japan, already whipped without Soviet help, should be permitted to surrender *before* the Soviets could enter. On September 21, 1944, MacArthur notified the American Joint Chiefs of Staff that Japan was virtually defeated.[5] In February, 1945 — two days before Roosevelt left for the Yalta Conference — MacArthur again put Roosevelt on notice that the Pacific war could be ended without further bloodshed. On this occasion, in a 40-page report to Roosevelt, MacArthur detailed Japanese efforts to negotiate a surrender — on terms, incidentally, identical with those we later dictated in August, 1945.[5]

Dismissing MacArthur as "our greatest general, but poorest politician," Roosevelt went to Yalta and made deals which brought Stalin into a war we had already won.[4, 5] Immediate consequences were the shattered or lost lives of thousands of American soldiers who fell in the Pacific between February and August, 1945; and the needless atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Longer-range consequences of delaying Japanese surrender until the Soviets were at leisure to enter a war they would not help fight were the Soviet rape of Manchuria, the communist conquest of China, and the war in Korea.

In Korea, MacArthur's greatness as a general astonished the world. In brilliance and daring, the Inchon landing which McArthur conceived and successfully executed has no parallel in the history of warfare. In Korea, 54,246 Americans died[6] in vain, because Truman rejected MacArthur's advice, shackled his efforts, and dismissed him from command. Longer-range consequences were the disasters in French Indochina (1950-54), in Laos (1955-62), in South Vietnam (1962-64).[7]

MacArthur's ability as a soldier was, as Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke said, "in a class of its own." In 1959, Alanbrooke, who was Chief of the British Imperial General Staff during World War II, wrote:

"MacArthur was the greatest general and best strategist that the war produced. He certainly outshone Marshall, Eisenhower and all other American and British generals including Montgomery . . . .

"In all these operations [during World War II], I never felt he had the full support of the American Chiefs of Staff. Certainly [Admiral] Ernie King bore him no friendly feelings . . . . I never felt that Marshall had any great affection for MacArthur . . . .

"The decisions he finally arrived at as regards the war in Korea . . . in my opinion were right. He has been accused of taking actions without previous political approval, but he had been unable to obtain the political policy and the guidance he had sought . . . .

"I am convinced that, as the war can be viewed in better perspective, it will be agreed that the strategic ability shown by MacArthur was in a class of its own."[8]

In Peace

After Korea, General MacArthur sounded a call to arms for all Americans to restore the crumbling foundations of their Republic. Here are excerpts from one of the last major speeches the general made — July 30, 1957:

"Taxes have grown so rapidly in recent years that now they are the largest single item in the cost of living. Americans will pay for government this year more than they will spend on food, clothing, medical care and religious activities combined . . . .

"There seems to be no restraint in this lust for taxes. It began with the Federal Income Tax Law of 1914 which gave unlimited access to the people's wealth, and the power for the first time to levy taxes not for revenue only but for social purposes. Since then, the sphere of government has increased with a kind of explosive force. Thomas Jefferson's wise aphorism, 'That government is best which governs least,' has been tossed into the waste basket with ridicule and sarcasm.

"Whether we want it or not, we pay now for almost unlimited government: a government

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which limits our lives by dictating how we are fed and clothed and housed; how to provide for old age; how the national income, which is the product of our labor, shall be divided among us; how we shall buy and sell; how long and how hard and under what circumstances we shall work. There is only scorn for the one who dares to say: 'The government should not be infinite.' . . .

"For years, we have been spending far beyond our means. Our indebtedness is now estimated to be nearly seven hundred billion dollars, a sum greater than the combined debt of all other nations of the world. And . . . our government this year proposes to spend as much as all other governments put together.

"The Russian dictator, Lenin . . . predicted as early as 1920 that the United States would eventually spend itself into bankruptcy . . . .

"Our swollen budgets constantly have been misrepresented to the public. Our government has kept us in a perpetual state of fear—kept us in a continuous stampede of patriotic fervor—with the cry of grave national emergency. Always there has been some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not *blindly* rally behind it by furnishing the exorbitant funds demanded. Yet, in retrospect, these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real.

"Another of the great illusions is that the government gives the people *free* much of what they get from its services . . . . The painful truth is this: the government produces nothing of itself. Whatever it spends for people it must previously take from the people in the form of taxes. Moreover, whenever the government gives a service to people, it must at the same time take away from the people the right to provide and decide for themselves. And the amount which government doles back to the people or spends to promote welfare is always only a fraction of what it takes away, because of the excessive cost of governmental administration.

"It is the little people that pay the largest part of the bill. Eighty-five percent of all the billions of dollars paid in income taxes comes from the lowest rate—the 20 percent paid by all persons with taxable income. Only 15 percent is added by all the higher rates up to 91 percent . . . .

"The contest for ages has been to rescue liberty from the constantly expanding grasp of governmental power. The great patriots of the American Revolution revolted not so much against the actual taxes imposed upon them by a British King but against the concept of government behind the taxes: the concept that government had unlimited power to do what government thought proper. They had a deep suspicion that government, if permitted, would waste the labors of the people and ultimately curtail the power of the people, always under the pretense of taking care of the people. That is why they tried to bind the government down with the modest restrictions of a Constitution, limiting the government's powers to the performance of carefully specified responsibilities . . . .

"There are many who have lost faith in this early American ideal and believe in a form of socialistic, totalitarian rule, a sort of big-brother deity to run our lives for us. They no longer believe that free men can manage their own affairs. Their central thesis is to take your money away from you on the presumption that a handful of men, centered in government, largely bureaucratic—not elected—can spend the proceeds of your toil and labor to greater advantage than you who create the money.

"Nowhere in the history of the human race is there justification for this reckless faith in political power. It is the oldest, most reactionary of all forms of social organization. It was tried out in ancient Babylon, ancient Greece, and ancient Rome; in Mussolini's Italy, in Hitler's Germany, and in all communist countries. Wherever and whenever it has been attempted, it has failed utterly to provide economic security, and has generally ended in national disaster. It embraces an essential idiocy, that individuals who, as private citizens, are not able to manage the disposition of their own earnings, become in public office supermen who can manage the affairs of the world.

"The Soviets have tried to legislate the perfect society; and today the average Soviet citizen has little more freedom and less comfort than the inmates of American jails.

"The old American philosophy of government more effectively promoted the ideal of human freedom, with greater material abundance for more people, than any social system ever propounded; freedom to live under the minimum of restraint—freedom to make your own mistakes if you will.

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"The fundamental and ultimate issue at stake therefore is not merely our money, it is liberty, itself; the excessive taxation of an overgrown government versus personal freedom; least common denominator of mediocrity against the proven progress of pioneering individualism; the free enterprise system or the cult of blind conformity; the robot or the free man."[9]

Farewell

General MacArthur's last major award was the Sylvanus Thayer Award for Service to the Nation — made to him at the United States Military Academy, West Point, on May 12, 1962. The acceptance speech (delivered, extemporaneously, to the Corps of Cadets and to the Association of Graduates) was the General's farewell address to the nation:

"General Westmoreland, General Groves, distinguished guests, and gentlemen of the Corps: As I was leaving the hotel this morning, a doorman asked me, 'Where are you bound for, General?' and when I replied, 'West Point,' he remarked, 'Beautiful place, have you ever been there before?'

"No human being could fail to be deeply moved by such a tribute as this [Thayer Award]. Coming from a profession I have served so long, and a people I have loved so well, it fills me with an emotion I cannot express. But this award is not intended primarily to honor a personality, but to symbolize a great moral code—the code of conduct and chivalry of those who guard this beloved land of culture and ancient descent . . . .

"Duty, honor, country: Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are your rallying points: to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn . . . . They build your basic character, they mold you for your future roles as the custodians of the Nation's defense, they make you strong enough to know when you are weak, and brave enough to face yourself when you are afraid.

"They teach you to be proud and unbending in honest failure, but humble and gentle in success; not to substitute words for actions, nor to seek the path of comfort, but to face the stress and spur of difficulty and challenge; to learn to stand up in the storm but to have compassion on those who fall; to master yourself before you seek to master others; to have a heart that is clean, a goal that is high; to learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; to reach into the future, yet never neglect the past; to be serious, yet never to take yourself too seriously; to be modest so that you will remember the simplicity of true greatness; the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength.

"They give you a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life, a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, an appetite for adventure over love of ease. They create in your heart the sense of wonder, the unfailing hope of what next, and the joy and inspiration of life. They teach you in this way to be an officer and a gentleman.

"And what sort of soldiers are those you are to lead? Are they reliable? Are they brave? Are they capable of victory? Their story is known to all of you; it is the story of the American man at arms. My estimate of him was formed on the battlefield many, many years ago, and has never changed. I regarded him then as I regard him now, as one of the world's noblest figures; not only as one of the finest military characters, but also as one of the most stainless. His name and fame are the birthright of every American citizen . . . . He has written his own history and written it in red on his enemy's breast . . . . In 20 campaigns, on a hundred battlefields, around a thousand campfires, I have witnessed that enduring fortitude, that patriotic self-abnegation, and that invincible determination which have carved his statue in the hearts of his people. From one end of the world to the other, he has drained deep the chalice of courage . . . .

"In memory's eye I [can] . . . see those staggering columns of the First World War, bending under soggy packs, on many a weary march, from dripping dusk to drizzling dawn, slogging ankle deep through the mire of shell-pocked roads; to form grimly for the attack, blue-lipped, covered with sludge and mud, chilled by the wind and rain; driving home to their objective, and, for many, to the judgement seat of God. I do not know the dignity of their birth but I do know the glory of their death. They died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in their hearts, and on their lips the hope that we would go on to victory.

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"Always for them, duty, honor, country; always their blood, and sweat, and tears, as we sought the way and the light . . . .

"And 20 years after, on the other side of the globe, again the filth of murky foxholes, the stench of ghostly trenches, the slime of dripping dugouts, those boiling suns of relentless heat, those torrential rains of devastating storms, the loneliness and utter desolation of jungle trails, the bitterness of long separation from those they loved and cherished, the deadly pestilence of tropical disease, the horror of stricken areas of war. Their resolute and determined defense, their swift and sure attack, their indomitable purpose, their complete and decisive victory—always victory, always through the bloody haze of their last reverberating shot, the vision of gaunt, ghastly men, reverently following your password of duty, honor, country . . . .

"In battle and in the face of danger and death, he discloses those divine attributes which his Maker gave when he created man in His own image . . . . However horrible the incidents of war may be, the soldier who is called upon to offer and to give his life for his country, is the noblest development of mankind.

"You now face a new world, a world of change. The thrust into outer space of the satellite spheres and missiles marked the beginning of another epoch in the long story of mankind . . . . In the . . . 3 or more million years of development of the human race, there has never been . . . a more abrupt or staggering evolution. We deal now, not with things of this world alone, but with the illimitable distances and as yet unfathomed mysteries of the universe . . . .

"And through all this welter of change and development, your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable. It is to win our wars. Everything else in your professional career is but corollary to this vital dedication. All other public purposes, all other public projects, all other public needs, great or small, will find others for their accomplishments; but you are the ones who are trained to fight. Yours is the profession of arms, the will to win, the sure knowledge that in war there is no substitute for victory, that if you lose, the Nation will be destroyed, that the very obsession of your public service must be duty, honor, country . . . .

"Your guidepost stands out like a tenfold beacon in the night . . . . From your ranks, come the great captains who hold the Nation's destiny in their hands the moment the war tocsin sounds. The long gray line has never failed us. Were you to do so, a million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and gray, would rise from their white crosses thundering those magic words, duty, honor, country.

"This does not mean that you are warmongers. On the contrary, the soldier, above all other people, prays for peace, for he must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war. But always in our ears ring the ominous words of Plato: . . . 'Only the dead have seen the end of war.'

"The shadows are lengthening for me. The twilight is here. My days of old have vanished — tone and tint. They have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Their memory is one of wondrous beauty, watered by tears, and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesterday. I listen vainly for the witching melody of faint bugles blowing reveille, of far drums beating the long roll.

"In my dreams I hear again the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry, the strange, mournful mutter of the battlefield. But in the evening of my memory . . . I come back to West Point. Always there echoes and re-echoes, duty, honor, country. Today marks my final rollcall with you; but I want you to know that when I cross the river my last conscious thoughts will be of the Corps, and the Corps, and the Corps.

"I bid you farewell."[10]

Epilogue

An epilogue to MacArthur's farewell address is written large in the behavior of the U. S. State Department which, during the General's life, often gave away fruits of victory which he and his gallant fighting men had won in battle.

In the United States Panama Canal Zone, the Panama flag flies alongside the Stars and Stripes—a privilege to which the Republic of Panama is not entitled by treaty, custom, or law, but which was granted (regardless of treaty, custom, and law) by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy.

When MacArthur died, the American and Panamanian flags were lowered to half-mast in our Canal Zone. A few Panama "students" objected. The U. S. State Department immediately

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ordered the Panama flag raised to full staff, above the American flag — in defiance of an American law which forbids *any* flag to fly above Old Glory on American soil or at an American military installation.[11]

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Dan Smoot Television Film

Each week, this *Report* is abbreviated for a news-analysis type television broadcast, which is produced on 16mm sound film. The running time for each film is 12 minutes. In March, 1964 (because of severe shortage of storage and working space), we offered all pre-1963 film still in stock at a cost-of-handling price of $5.00 per print. The response has been great, and some of the film are sold out. We expect all of the pre-1963 film (those listed in our catalogue) to be gone by the end of June.

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FOOTNOTES

(1) *MacArthur: His Rendezvous with History,* by Major General Courtney Whitney, Alfred A. Knopf, New York City, 1956, 547 pp.

(2) *U. S. Army Register, Volume I,* January 1, 1962, p. 334

(3) *The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur,* by Frazier Hunt, Devin-Adair Company, New York City, 1954, 533 pp.

(4) " 'Paper' Bears Out MacArthur Yalta Claims — Pentagon Discloses Its Official Files," by Lloyd Norman, *Chicago Daily Tribune,* October 20, 1955, Section 2, pp. 1-2

(5) "Whose Idea To Buy Russia's Aid?", *U. S. News & World Report,* April 15, 1955, pp. 60-5

(6) "The UN Up To Now—6," *The New York Sunday News,* July 8, 1962

(7) For detailed documented analysis of Indochina, Laos and Vietnam, see this *Report,* "Vietnam and Lodge," April 27, 1964; "The Story of Laos," April 29, 1963; and "Laos—Part I," "Laos—Part II," April 9 and 16, 1962.

(8) *The Tablet,* Brooklyn, New York, November 7, 1959, p. 11

(9) Press Release, Remington Rand Corporation, July 30, 1957

(10) *Washington Report,* by U. S. Representative Bruce Alger (Rep., Tex.), June 2, 1962, containing complete text of General MacArthur's farewell speech: RCA-Victor's Camden records has issued a special two-disc album containing MacArthur's "Old Soldiers Never Die" speech to Congress in 1951, and his 1962 Farewell address at West Point. Proceeds from this special album (SPC 100, retail $2.98) go to the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy.

(11) "Humble Pie," editorial, *The Dallas Morning News,* April 28, 1964, Section 4, p. 2

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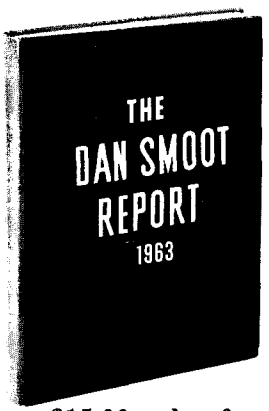

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